

THE OLD CHUNK STOVE.

Ye modern folks may about your claims, /
Ye householders and renters
Raise monuments and praise the names
Of all your great inventors,
Crack up your steam and furnace heat
With all their dust and leaking,
But when I want to warm my feet
It's grandma's stove I'm seeking.

Not one of the new-fangled kind
With blazing jewels spangled,
Base burner (not the least maligned)
With clinkers often tangled,
It's just a barrel-shaped concern,
No magic tricks performing—
But, holy smokes! how it does burn
And show the art of warming.

Ye theory and science craft
Who plan our ventilation
Behold one good old-fashioned draft
Devoid of hesitation,
Through hickory barricades it leaps
Above the chimney whirling,
And even there its signal keeps
An endless cloud uncurling.

Without gold filigreed pretense
Or promise metaphorical,
It yields at moderate expense
An August-time calorific,
Unlike the sluggish register
Or radiant radiator,
With conquering warmth 'tis e'er astir,
This valiant gladiator.

The romance of the fireplace
So sweet—so fondly cherished,
And before our modern pace
With other joys has perished;
But as thro' lands afar I rove
And note their modes of heating,
Above them all grandmother's stove
Throws out its welcome greeting.

I see her sitting rocking there
With glasses, cap and knitting—
A view from my dull sphere of care
The season well befitting—
"Come in," she nods, "tis cold without."
"Draw up the big split rocker—
I'm glad to have my boys about—
There's apples in the locker."

And as we sit in twilight glow
Dear olden times reviewing
The great chunk stove is sure to throw
An influence subduing,
The rockers pause; more slowly creep
The shadows, fading dimmer,
I seem aloft in dreamy sleep
Before the old stove's glimmer.

I seem to be in town again
Now heating chambers inspecting,
And as they pass, a weary train,
Each for some cause rejecting—
Electric, gas, hot water, steam
And furnace methods legion
Gleaming thro' my nervous dream
Bound for some arctic region.

Unsatisfied with e'en the best
Of all the long procession—
None standing well the final test—
I criticize progression,
And longing for some treasure-trove,
Some worthy apparatus,
I wake to see grandmother's stove
Serenely smiling at us.

—George E. Brown, in Inter Ocean

HER FIRST PATIENT.

The Pretty Romance of a Little Woman Doctor.

Jack and I had been at Rugby together, and afterwards at Corpus, and therefore I saw a good deal of him and got to know all about his character and ways.

Jack had always during the ten years I had known him—that is to say, from the age of fourteen to twenty-four—been known as a "nice boy," which means that he was always frank and engaging, modest and ingenious, that he was a manly boy at fourteen and a boyish man at twenty-four; his other name was Derivative, but nobody who had known him a week ever called him anything but Jack.

His father came home on leave from India the year after he left Corpus, and Jack and the old general were very fond and proud of each other—as well they might be.

It was about a year after his visit to England that the old general died and Jack inherited some four or five thousand pounds.

This was very well invested and brought in nearly three hundred pounds a year, "and you'd better let it stay where it is, my boy," said the cynical soldier chum of the general's, who was the executor.

So Jack entered his name at the Inner Temple, read law and wrote two or three articles a month for the papers.

It was at the beginning of the last of March that, feeling seedy, I proposed a holiday at some quiet seaside place, and so we packed up our traps, locked up our rooms and went off one bright morning to Fillington, a small town on the coast of Yorkshire; and it was there that we first became acquainted with the doctor.

Fillington is one of those delightful little places, not uncommon in Yorkshire, where you can get the combined benefits of both sea and mountain air, which is distinctly a "score" for men who have allowed themselves to run down and want bracing up.

For a week or two you are delighted with the novelty, the glorious air, the complete restfulness of the whole place. Then, perhaps, you find it monotonous and get bored. It is generally the evenings that bring on this feeling.

During the daytime, of course, you can ride, walk, bathe, visit the ruins of the Norman castle, go to the witches' well—anything of that sort; but the evenings—well, perhaps you play billiards on the only table the town possesses; or perhaps you fraternize with the landlord or boots, and get to know, in the course of a conversation or two, the family histories of all the inhabitants of the town; but this comes to an end very soon, so—we found it dull.

Dull until one evening, when Jack came home in an excited state, and told me he was in love.

This was not an uncommon thing for Jack at all—in fact, it was rather uncommon for him not to be in love; but it was usually with some friend's sister, who knew his weak point, and how to treat it.

But this time he was very much upset, he said:

"Phil, old man, it's really a case this time."

He filled my pipe slowly, and said questioningly: "Ah?"

Then he went on:

"She's the loveliest girl in the world." (This was a peculiarity of all Jack's loves—they all answered to that description.)

"Of course I haven't spoken to her, or don't even know her name. But by Jove!"

He stopped here, evidently expecting some remark from me.

I said: "Ah?" again, and then he went on.

"It's all very well for a cold-blooded creature like you to keep on saying 'ah' in that tone, but I tell you it's serious this time; and I'm afraid she's ill, poor little thing."

"I saw her go into a doctor's house and waited half an hour—loafed about, you know; of course I didn't wait outside the door—but she didn't come out, so I came away. But I shall be sure to meet her some time to-morrow. You can't very well miss anybody in this jolly little place, thank goodness!"

"This jolly little place," by the way, he had heartily stigmatized as a "wretched little hole" only the day before.

And, sure enough, we did see her the next day. Jack was far too restless, he said, to go walking, so proposed billiards.

I then found out that the billiard room was exactly opposite the doctor's house where he had seen her go in.

He missed a good many strokes, and was continually rushing to the window; and all of a sudden he called out: "There she is! See, just ringing the bell."

She was certainly a beauty; slight, fair, with rather auburn hair, bright eyes, and cheeks that betokened splendid health.

This happened for two or three days in succession. We saw her either go into or come out of the house, but never with anybody.

We were out riding one afternoon, and had got almost out of the town, and were going along the edge of the cliff.

About a hundred yards in front of us was a gully ending inwards at some mythical smugglers' cave. It was at parts not more than five or six feet across, but, knowing nothing of our horses' jumping powers, and being unwilling to put them to the test at such a dangerous part, I turned inwards, with the intention of getting to the end of the gully.

Jack followed me till we came nearly to the end, when he suddenly stopped and proposed that we should jump the horses over the narrow part, "to see what they were made of."

As I am anything but a good horseman I declined and rode on and crossed to the other side, but Jack turned his horse back a little to give it a short run at the leap, and then put him at it at the gallop.

The brute took it well enough, but immediately he had cleared it, stopped suddenly, plunged, and threw Master Jack clean over his head, flat on to the ground, with his face on a nasty piece of bare rock, in silence.

Of course, I immediately dismounted, and bandaged, as well as I could, his lower jaw, which seemed to be broken, and his lips, which were cut in a terrible manner, but it was quite fifteen minutes before he came to his senses again, and then he asked what had happened, as well as he could between his swollen lips and clumsy bandages.

I told him in as few words as possible, and begged him to be quiet, and, putting him on my horse (the other was careering wildly about the moor), proceeded to lead it back to our hotel.

I told him, as we were going along, that he was badly hurt, and would have to see a surgeon, whereupon he remarked:

"Oh, well, look here, send for that fellow, Bereston; that was the name we saw on the door-plate."

I sent the sympathizing boots at once for Dr. Bereston; he looked surprised, but hurried away, and soon returned to announce "the doctor" in an awed whisper.

I was putting the pillows straight, and had my back to the door, so could not see what was going on there; but was astonished to see the scowl Jack had assumed change into one of wonderful surprise and awe; and he actually, disabled as he was, made an effort to put his hair straight (he had nice hair) and curl his mustache.

I naturally turned round to see what had caused all this, and beheld at the door the graceful girl we had looked at through the windows of the billiard room.

I heard Jack murmur "By George!" beneath his breath as she advanced composedly towards him. Then she said:

"You sent for me, did you not?"

"No; I sent for Dr. Bereston," he gasped out.

"Yes; that's all right. I'm Dr. Bereston." She blushed slightly through all her confidence and self-possession.

"Now let me look at you. Let me remove those handkerchiefs and see your face." She proceeded to do this gently and dexterously, and went on:

"Oh, yes, I see, the jaw is dislocated, but that is easily remedied. You will have to bear a little pain now, but it will save you a good deal afterwards. If I put my hand to your mouth so—it was a very small hand and seemed to work very easily—"and pull the jaw forward so"—Jack uttered a cry of pain as she did this—"there, that's soon over; now let me see the lips."

She looked at these for a moment very searchingly, and proceeded to open a small bag she had brought with her, talking the while in an undisturbed manner.

"You'll have to have them sewn up," Jack shuddered.

"Oh, it's nothing very serious, and won't last five minutes. Now just lie down perfectly flat, shut your eyes and resign yourself to my tender mercies for that space of time."

Jack did so; and though he kicked his feet about and clenched his hands as the needle pierced the tender lips, he uttered no cry or groan; and when the doctor had finished and the lips had been washed and bandaged up again she said:

"There, you bore that like a Briton. Now you'll have to lie quiet for two or three days, and you'll doubtless be able to get home in a week. I'll call in to-morrow and see you again. Good-by."

And with that she shook hands with both of us, and went out of the door which I held open for her.

I went back and sat down by the fire-side. In a minute or so Jack opened

his eyes, looked at me and smiled. I smiled in return. Then he winked. I did not wink back; I said:

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?"

"Nothing," said the ruffian, as he turned over to go to sleep, "except that I think the diagnosis is wrong; that I don't think that I shall be able to get home in a week; and that my convalescence will require continued walking exercise in the company of my medical attendant."

To my mind there is no charm about a woman so delightful and so fascinating as the charm of manner and of speech. It is the way of doing and saying things naturally, and, therefore, in a woman, gracefully.

It was this charm that made our admiration for the doctor grow stronger every day. Jack was soon able to get about, and in a few days I felt justified in getting back to work. Jack was to follow me in a week or two, and was to write to me two or three times a week.

The purport of his first letter was to the effect that he had discovered that he was the doctor's first and only patient, and that she had told him all about her medical work in their walks over the moors together; that she was very jolly company, and wished to be remembered to me; and a good deal to the same effect, and all about that wretched doctor.

The second letter told me that her father and his had been brother officers, and that she had sworn eternal friendship on that ground. (This, doubtless, accounted for his alluding to her as "Marion.")

The third said that she was going up to town on a visit to her aunt, and that he found himself sufficiently recovered to accompany her.

When Jack turned up at our rooms two days after the receipt of the third letter, he was in a very excited state.

He had seen the doctor to her aunt's place in Kensington, and we (he and I) were to go there the next night to a dance. He had "accepted" for me, and knew I'd go, if it were only to see the doctor again.

The lad looked so well, and was in such wonderful spirits, that I didn't like to refuse him, and so the next night we set off early.

The doctor's aunt has nothing to do with this story; one of her cousins, Hilda, was uncommonly nice, and I think I'll go there to lunch on Sunday, as desired, and at any rate I shall call on their next "at home" day; but it is with Jack and the doctor that these last few lines have to do.

He danced with her all the evening, and she didn't mind it in the least; in fact, seemed rather to like it; and it was following that third dance after supper that they determined to sit out in a little alcove, which I have no doubt the architect had designed purposely (and very properly) for that sort of thing.

Jack sat silently for a minute or two, and then took her hand and said:

"I love you."

That was all, nothing more; and yet I believe women who truly love like those few words better than all vows and protestations; surely a woman must rather despise a man who flops down on his knees and swears he'd die for her.

The doctor recoiled slightly, but did not take her hand away; she looked at him and said:

"Jack!"

"There," he said, impetuously, "I know I'm wrong to tell you, because I'm so terribly poor; but I can't help it. I love you, my darling. I'll go away, though, and not see you again, but just tell me once that you love me."

"But how do you know I do?"

"Of course, I don't know, Marion, but I thought perhaps you might."

"Jack, my darling, I do!"

"And will you wait till I'm rich enough to ask you to be my wife?"

"But why can't you ask me now, Jack? I've plenty of money of my own."

"Because I want to be able to earn it myself; because you—"

"Because fiddlesticks! Now look here, dear boy, if you don't propose to me now, right away, and ask me to marry you soon, you'll put me under the unmanly necessity of having to ask you."

So he did.

At least, I suppose so; he only told me as far as this; but when I was lecturing him on our way home on the improbability and wickedness of early marriages, he muttered something totally irrelevant about "If that's thy soul that's gleaming in thine eyes, thou lovest me."

Seeing exactly how matters stood, I proceeded to give him some really good philosophic advice, extracts from my article on "Social and Moral Philosophy" to appear in next month's Twentieth Century, but the silly boy paid not the slightest notice, but hummed an absurd song, thus:

Hush, nightingale, hush! Wait, nightingale, wait!
For my love, my love, is late.
I am to be the best man.—Boston Globe.

"Hazard."

In common estimation a hazard is a chance, a risk. But in the lifetime of a word it sometimes loses its original intent and meaning. Hazard is a good instance of such mutation. When Shakespeare said: "I have set my life upon a cast and I will stand the hazard of the die," the use of the word in strictest sense was tautologous, since it is from the Arabic al-zar, and more recently from the Spanish azar, a die. So, too, when a person is heard to speak of a "dream of bliss" it should be remembered that the Anglo-Saxon word "dream" means joy or bliss, and so the speaker only says that he had a dream of dream or a bliss of bliss.—Davenport Democrat.

—A physician found one of his patients sitting in the bath and swallowing a dose of medicine. "What are you doing there instead of being in bed?" inquired the astonished practitioner, and the patient quickly responded: "Well, you told me to take the medicine in water, and that's what I'm doing."

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market.

New York, Jan. 17.—The upward movement in the stock market showed signs of having culminated to-day; at least there was less urgency to demand, and while little pressure of long stock was seen, the bears and traders were more active and were looking for soft spots upon which to make an impression. Selling to realize profits was a factor at all hours of the day, but most pronounced only in St. Paul, Rock Island and Chicago Gas. Manhattan was again a feature, and was moved rapidly backward and forward over a range of something over 4 per cent., but displayed stronger temper, and closed the day with a gain of 2½ per cent.

The only other marked advance was in sugar in which inside buying was most pronounced, but it yielded a portion of its early gain, closing only 1 per cent higher. The general list was irregular at the opening but generally higher, and the forenoon's operations showed small advances for a majority of the list, but these were in most cases afterwards neutralized. The pressure, however, was not particularly strong, and at the close the whole list was again firm.

STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Western Union	Bid.
Adams Express	98½
American Express	153
United States Express	117½
Wells Fargo Express	145
C. C. & C. I.	67½
New York Central	109½
New Jersey Central	130
Illinois Central	101½
Michigan Central	105½
Ohio Central	50
Northern Pacific	17
Northern Pacific preferred	40½
Central Pacific	28½
Union Pacific	40½
Missouri Pacific	58½
Texas Pacific	10½
Manhattan Elevated	171
Alton and Terre Haute	33
Alton and Terre Haute preferred	150
Canada Southern	57½
Canada Pacific	89½
Chicago and Alton	142
Chesapeake and Ohio	23½
Delaware and Hudson	134½
Dela., Lack. and Western	153½
Denver	17
Erie	24½
Erie preferred	55½
Kansas and Texas	14½
Lake Shore	130½
Lake Erie and Western	24½
Lake Erie and Western preferred	79½
Louisville and Nashville	74½
Northwestern	113½
Northwestern preferred	145
Ontario and Western	18½
Ohio and Mississippi	23
Ohio and Mississippi preferred	20½
Pacific Mail	20½
Quicksilver	3½
Quicksilver preferred	18
Reading	51½
Rock Island	87½
Omaha	50½
Omaha preferred	119½
St. Paul	79½
St. Paul preferred	123½
Nash. C. and St. L.	86
Wabash	11½
Wabash preferred	25½
Chil., Bur. and Q.	101½
Provia. D. and E.	17
Manitoba	112½
Oregon Navigation	83
Richmond Terminal	9
Baltimore and Ohio	95½

BONDS.

Alabama, A.	102½
Alabama, B.	100½
Alabama, C.	104½
Louisiana Consols.	92
Tennessee Olds.	97
Richmond and West Point.	63
Richmond and Alleghany.	97
Norfolk and Western preferred.	97
East Tennessee.	3½
East Tennessee preferred.	25
Cotton Oil.	46
Cotton Oil preferred.	81½
Tennessee new settlement, 6's.	102
Tennessee new settlement, 5's.	101
Tennessee 3's.	74
Virginia 6's.	50
Virginia ex-matured coupons.	37
Virginia consolidated.	50
Brunswick county.	7½
Silver certificates.	83½
American Sugar Refinery.	122½
American Sugar Refinery, pref.	102½
North Carolina 4's.	98
North Carolina consol 6's.	122
South Carolina Browns.	90½
Memphis and Charleston.	50
Mobile and Ohio.	34½
Richmond and Terminal.	97
Tennessee Coal and Iron.	36½
Tennessee Coal and Iron, pref.	100

Produce and Merchandise

New York, Jan. 17.—Flour, Western and Southern firm, fair demand. Wheat dull, easier; No. 2 red, 81½¢ store and elevator, 82½¢@83½¢; options less active, heavy and ¼¢@1¢ low rate; close; No. 2 red, January, 80¢; February, 81¢; May, 84½¢. Corn active for export easier; No. 2, 53¢@53½¢; elevator, 53½¢@54¢; ungraded mixed, 54¢@55¢; steamer mixed, 53¢@53½¢; options dull; opening weak and declining, closed weak at ¼¢ decline; January, 52½¢; February, 53½¢; May, 53½¢.

Oats dull, easier; options dull, lower; January, 39¢; May, 40¢. No. 2 white, January, 43¢; spot prices No. 3, 38½¢; do. white, 41½¢@42¢; No. 2, 39½¢@39¢. Coffee, options opened steady, unchanged to 10 points higher, closed steady, 5 down to 19 up; February, 16 35¢@16 45¢; April, 16 05¢; June, 16 00¢@16 05¢; September, 16 05¢@16 10¢; spot Rio firm, quiet; No. 7, 17½¢. Sugar, raw firm, unchanged, quiet; refined quiet, easier; No. 6, 4½¢@4 7-1¢; No. 7, 4 3-16¢@4 ½¢. Molasses, foreign nominal; New

The National Building Company,

C. O'Leary & Co., Managers,

Room 303, Terry Building

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Why shouldn't Roanoke people do the same and every man have home of his own?

Call and talk with us on the subject, and we will satisfy you that we promise can and will be done.

Orleans fairly active, steady. Rice active firm.

Cotton-seed oil quiet, steady. Rosin quiet, steady; turpentine dull, firm. Pork dull, firm. Peanuts quiet. Beef quiet, strong; beef hams quiet, firm; tierced beef light demand, firm. Cuts meats strong, good demand; shoulders, 10; middles, dull, steady. Lard dull, easier; Western steam closed 11; options sales, none; refined, quiet; contingent, 11.40; South American, 11.65. Freights, Liverpool quiet, unchanged; cotton 5 6d; grain 1½d.

Chicago Markets.
CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—Loading futures ranged as follows:

WHEAT—	O'p'g.	Cl's'g.
January	77½	76¾
May	83	82
July	81½	80½
CORN—		
January	43½	43¼
February	44¼	44
May	48¾	48
OATS—		
January	31½	31¼
February	32½	32¼
May	35½	35¼

PORK—
January..... 18 30 18 10
May..... 18 80 18 57½

LARD—
January..... 10 72½ 10 65
May..... 10 60 10 50

RIBS—
January..... 9 62½ 9 40
May..... 9 72½ 9 52½

Cash quotations: Flour dull, but no disposition to shake price. No. 2 spring wheat, 76¼¢@76½¢. No. 2 red, 76¼¢@76½¢. No. 3 corn, 43½¢. No. 2 oats, 31½¢@31¾¢. Meas pork, 17.37½¢@17.50¢. Lard, 10.65¢. Short ribs sides, 9.50¢. Dry salted shoulders, 9.87½¢@10.00¢. Short clear sides, 10.30¢@10.40¢. Whiskey, 1.35¢.

VINTON

Capt. D. C. Booth, representing R. M. Sutton & Co., of Baltimore, left Monday for a trip through Southwest Virginia.

Robert Pedigo had his hand hurt at the Roanoke Machine Shops Monday.

Dr. A. Z. Koerner dressed the wound. A piece of bone had to be removed.

Wharton Sale while playing with his brothers Sunday, fell and fractured one of the bones of his forearm. Dr. Garthright rendered the necessary surgical attention.

J. P. Baldwin, representing the Bon-sack Wollen Mills, was in town yesterday.